"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE LAST HOURS OF DR. RICHARD PRICE.

"I AM thankful I have lived to see a diffusion of knowledge, which has undermined superstition and error. I have lived to see the rights of men better understood than ever, and nations panting for liberty which seemed to have lost the idea of it. And now, methinks, I see a general amendment beginning in human affairs; the dominion of kings changed for the dominion of laws, and the dominion of priests giving way to the dominion of reason and conscience." And no single man, in the last century, contributed more to those grand results at home or abroad than Dr. Price, who was styled by the French *National Assembly*, "THE APOSTLE OF LIBERTY." In very early life he lost both father and mother, and was soon subjected to a little harsh treatment because of his renunciation of the Trinitarian theology. His uncle, the Rev. S. Price, told him, with some vehemence, when he denied that Jesus Christ was equal with God, "that he would rather see him transformed into a pig than that he should have been brought up to be a Dissenting minister without believing in the Trinity." For nearly half a century he was the faithful pastor of one or two congregations, Newington Green and Hackney; and during these years, as a moralist and philosopher, one of the most distinguished men of the metropolis. He was the author of many valuable treatises, and was consulted by the leading statesmen of his day on matters of national interest. "Meek, gentle and humane," says Dr. Knox, "acute, eloquent and profoundly skilled in politics and philosophy,—take him for all in all, the qualities of his heart with the abilities of his head, and you may rank *Price* among the first ornaments of his age. Posterity will place him high among the benefactors of his race." His piety was as deep and sincere as his charity was diffusive. Of every hundred pounds received as income, twenty were spent in acts of charity. This he conscientiously adhered to. He was a profound student, and one of the most humble and candid of men. A paper he read before the Royal Society, in which he felt bound to correct the calculations of a distinguished mathematician, gave him such anxiety, that his fine black hair became all spotted over with white, the result of this task.

In February, 1791, he was taken ill of a slow nervous fever, occasioned by attending the funeral of a friend. He languished under that disorder for a fortnight, and then seemed to be recovering. When every symptom of the fever had disappeared, he was violently attacked by a disorder in his bladder, which had been gradually coming on for ten or twelve years. This, though accompanied by the most excruciating pain, never excited a murmur from him. In the intervals of ease he was placid and even cheerful; but in consequence of the long continuance of the disorder, his strength and spirits were at last so reduced that he could not speak without much difficulty. The violence of his disorder increased exceedingly; his pains became more and more frequent, and he was rendered totally incapable of taking any nourishment. At length, worn out with pain, but still in the full enjoyment of his understanding,—when able to speak, expressing his gratitude to God for his favour to him, and in the severest agony saying that the goodness of God was unquestionable,—he expired, in the 69th year of his age, without a groan, after eight weeks' illness, on the 19th of April, 1791.

THE MAN WHO STRUCK HIMSELF.

By T. S. Arthur.

Jason Elder belonged to that rather large class of persons who find pleasure in the sufferings or misfortunes of their fellow-men. This is stating the case rather broadly, and we do not, in the least, doubt that Jason, should he ever chance to discover this introduction of himself to the public, will reject our classification, so far as he is concerned. We make it understandingly, however. The fault we have indicated is usually the companion of another. The man who feels pleasure in the ill-fortune of his neighbour will hardly hesitate to inflict an injury, if it can be done with impunity.

Men of the class to whom Jason Elder belonged rarely pass far on their life-journey without misunderstanding with some of their fellow-passengers. Of course, they are always in the right, and their fellow-passengers in the wrong. And as they are the injured and the oppressed, it is the most natural thing in the world for them to feel indignant, and quite as natural to retaliate—giving blow for blow.

"The man who wrongs me, I neither forgive nor forget." This was one of Jason Elder's sayings, and a very bad saying we cannot help declaring it to be—particularly so in Jason's case, for he quite lived up to his principles. Of course judgment as to wrong was always rendered by himself, and on evidence wholly *exparte*. If he believed that another meant to do him wrong—and he could believe sometimes on very slight evidence—an evil purpose was as quickly born in his mind as if positive testimony were before his eyes.

In fact, Jason Elder was a very bad sort of a man, and often very troublesome to those who had any dealings with him.

Among those who were favoured with the hearty dislike of Elder, was a master mechanic in a small way, named Martin Lee, who by industry and economy had accumulated enough to buy himself a house of moderate size, as a home for his family. Elder also owned a house in the same neighbourhood. These houses were built on a piece of ground that originally belonged to the same estate.

Mr. Lee was a very upright man—too upright and independent to have much intercourse with a man like Elder and not mortally offend him. He had so offended him, and the offence was neither forgotten nor forgiven. In more than one instance his enemy had sought to do him injury; but the poisoned arrows flung from his bow had flown harmlessly by him.

One day, while in conversation with one of those idle, gossipping individuals who give more attention to other people's business than they do to their own, the latter said, in responding to some ill-natured remark uttered against Mr. Lee, "I learned a fact yesterday that may be you would like to hear."

"About that Lee?" eagerly inquired Elder.

"Yes, or I might better say, about the ground on which he has built that snug little house."

"Indeed!" Our gentleman was all alive now, and commenced rubbing his hands in delighted expectation. "What about the ground?"

"Title defective," was the laconic answer.

"No!"

"Fact. Had it from old Larkin; and I rather think he ought to know something about it."

"Well, that is news! Got a bad title, eh? I wonder who's on the hip now, Mr. Martin Lee!"

"But surely, Mr. Elder," said his informant, "you will not take advantage of this information to injure our friend Lee?"

"Won't I, indeed!—wait and see. If I don't deal him a staggering blow, my name is not Jason Elder—that's all. I always said I'd bide my time. Ha! ha! A flaw in his title! But that's just his way of doing business. I'd like to see any one pick a flaw in mine."

True to the evil purpose declared, Elder took the first opportunity to search out the party to whom the property owned by Lee would revert, in case a defect really did exist in his title, and communicated the fact alleged. This individual, whose name was Earl, seemed at first incredulous; but when Larkin

was mentioned as authority, seemed to feel quite an interest in the matter.

"I am really indebted to you," he said, with a bland smile: "should it prove true that there is a defect, I should have quite a windfall; and it could not have reached me in a better time. I will have the matter investigated at once."

"That blow will tell hard, surely. I have planted it below the fifth rib," said Elder to himself, in a tone of cruel exultation, as he left the presence of Mr. Earl.

Through much self-denial and hard labour, continued through many years, had Mr. Lee been able to provide a modest homestead for his family. He had been the more anxious to accomplish this, from the fact that declining health warned him of the approach of a day—how speedily it might arrive he knew not—when his beloved ones who leaned on him so confidingly would have none to care for them. If he could secure a home into which they might cluster together, he felt that much would be gained. And this he had accomplished; but the effort cost too dearly. He had taxed his physical system to an extent that produced a serious reaction; and though he secured a dwelling for his family, he permanently weakened his constitution.

One day, in making a sudden effort, he ruptured a blood-vessel, and was taken home in a dangerous condition. This was the very day that Jason Elder made the unfortunate discovery of a defect in the title of his property. Little dreamed he, as with death knocking at the door, he found consolation in the thought that his family, even if he were taken from them, would not be left without a home, that at the very time there was a movement to deprive them of their little patrimony. And well for him was it that the veil of ignorance was before his eyes; for, had he known of the threatened danger, the knowledge would surely have cost him his life.

On the day following, a gentleman called at the house of Mr. Lee to notify him that proceedings were about being instituted for the purpose of testing the validity of his title; but learning that he was dangerously ill, he went away without leaving any word as to the purport of his business.

In the mean time Elder, who had not heard of Mr. Lee's illness, was awaiting with some interest to see the ultimate effect of the blow he had struck. There were times when, in a measure, he repented of what he had done. But the repentance was not very deep, and his ill-will toward Mr. Lee soon obliterated all traces thereof.

On the third day Elder received a brief note from Mr. Earl, desiring him to call at his office, as he wished to see him on particular business. There was something in this note that affected Mr. Elder unpleasantly. What it was, however, he could not discover, although he read it over and over again at least half a dozen times.

"I wonder what he wants with me," he said, uneasily, as he started off promptly to obey the summons.

"Ah, Mr. Elder! I'm glad to see you." Mr. Earl smiled, and offered his hand. But there was something wrong in the smile, and no heart whatever in the pressure of his hand.

"I've been investigating that matter that you brought to my notice," said Mr. Earl, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect.

"Ah! Have you? Well, sir, did you not find it as I said?"

"There is a flaw, certainly, and a very serious one."

"I was sure of it from what Larkin said. He's never at fault in matters of this kind."

"You aimed a heavy blow at Mr. Lee, my friend," said Mr. Earl. There was a quick change in his manner, followed by a pause. Then he added:

"But it passed him unharmed, and struck another!"

"Who?" eagerly inquired Elder.

"Yourself!" was the startling response.

"Me! I do not understand you, Mr. Earl!"

The countenance of Jason Elder had become suddenly overspread with alarm.

"Mr. Lee's title is perfectly good."

"It is?"

"Yes. But—yours is defective!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Elder, turning pale.

"Not at all. Mr. Larkin is rarely at fault in matters of this kind. He knew there was a flaw somewhere in the property that once belonged to my uncle's estate, but erred in this instance. Mr. Lee is safe, but your title is not worth a copper. I am much obliged to you for hunting up this windfall for me—I should hardly have come across it myself; and in consideration thereof, will deal with you as leniently as possible. Of course, I do not expect you to take my word in regard to the flaw. Its existence, however, will soon be demonstrated. You had better see your lawyer, and ask him to call on me. In the mean time, I will say that, for various reasons, I am ready to compromise. I don't wish to encounter the vexations, delays and expense of legal proceedings; and therefore, if you are disposed to meet me amicably, I will not be too exacting. In a word, then, I have in my own mind the sum for which I will execute a quit-claim to the property. The sum is five hundred dollars."

Jason Elder groaned aloud.

"If my claim on the property is good—and I know it to be," resumed Mr. Earl—"I can recover three times that sum. If you compromise, I will act in a spirit of great moderation. But if you compel me to resort to law, I will take all the law awards."

Poor Jason Elder! The blow was a heavy one, and it staggered him. A careful examination by his lawyer only proved the assertion of Mr. Earl. His title to the property was not worth a dollar. Glad enough was he to accept the proffered compromise, though at the clear loss of over five hundred dollars!

Well for Mr. Lee was it that the blow aimed with such bitter malignity did not execute the will of him by whom it was given. The consequence would, to all human foresight, have proved fatal. Not until he was sufficiently recovered from his dangerous illness to be out again, did he learn the evil that had been meditated, and how it had recoiled upon the head of his enemy.

His pointed answer was:

"He digged a pit for another, and himself fell into it."

The declaration of Elder, made to more than one, that he had struck Mr. Lee a heavy blow, was remembered in connection with his serious loss from a defect in his title, and for a long time afterwards he was spoken of familiarly among those who knew him, as the "man who struck himself."

A broad illustration this of what is taking place daily in hundreds of instances around us. The evil that is meditated against others, usually comes back, in some form, upon those who seek to do their neighbour a wrong. In this matter there is a law of compensation which acts with unerring certainty. The blow that is struck in malice at another may not seem to rebound. But as surely as it is given, will its power to do harm remain unspent, until the circle of consequences is complete.

CONTINUITY.

"In the resurrection they are as the angels of God."—JESUS.

THE pervading thought of the address of the President of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, delivered at Nottingham a few weeks ago, was "*continuity;*"—all the operations of Divine Providence in the sphere of nature are linked together by almost imperceptible gradations. The immense gulf which separates the extremes found between a globe like the sun and a meteor like a globule, is filled up by slightly varying sizes; and so with the nature and character of all the elements of animate and inanimate creation; and so with all forces, vital, chemical and mechanical. God has made one unbroken form of being, one grand series which reaches from the lowest to the highest forms of life. The President illustrated and defended this thought throughout the whole of his able address, and more than hinted that the current of philosophic thought and discovery endorsed this view. From a drop of water to man—knowing, loving, aspiring man—there are links, vegetable and animal, which form the chain of one uniform creation, one unbroken whole.

The sphere of science treats of man, and things downward from him to the dust; the sphere of religion stretches its line from man upward till it reaches the throne of God. It fills the spaces heavenward with higher and still higher in-

telligences, purer, loftier, spiritual beings, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim in the heavens and the heaven of heavens and God.

We submit this problem of higher life, of superior being, to the calm, unprejudiced judgment of our readers. Is it not highly probable, as the scale of creation ascends step by step till it reaches man, that it still continues and fills up the unmeasured distance between God and man, with glorified spirits and superior beings in all the varied ranks of angels? Is it upon any ground presumable that man is the last link, the highest intelligence, and the purest and wisest of God's creation? We think not. It is very true we cannot subject this speculation to the same test as the lower things of existence are; only some higher mind from that more uplifted sphere could discern this, see us in this lower state, and speak of the angels of God, the superior forms of life above us, as a fact. This has been done by Jesus Christ—the philosopher of immortal life, the prophet of human destiny, who not only knew what was in man, but what awaited man after this life.

There is more than one remarkable proof in the Gospels of the superior and transcendent knowledge of Christ. On one occasion he said the angels took a direct interest in our moral welfare, "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." What a theme of unbounded and deep satisfaction to us, poor, frail creatures as we are, that the very prodigals and outcasts of society have a share of the attention of God and His angels! But there is another statement of still greater importance to us in his teaching, and that is, after this life we shall be as the angels of God. We have listened amid the solitudes of nature, and at times amid the resonant music of life, to catch some distinct reply to the problem of a future state. We do not deny the strength of natural argument, and that sometimes by thought piled on thought we have felt as if the very air of heaven, some foregleams of immortal life, had fallen to our share. Yet, after all, what great indistinctness compared with the promises of Christ! "In my Father's house are many mansions;" "I shall receive you unto myself;" "In the resurrection ye shall be as the angels of God." Here is the doctrine of human continuity, of unbroken life, a filled-up chasm between us and the Infinite. There are superior beings, angels in heaven, and we shall be as they. Here is a distinct assurance, not only of another life, but one of higher enjoyment and greater attainment and purity. What a soft and hallowing light this throws upon society, consecrating the heart as it is whispered in the ear! What a sweet and consoling thought in the many trials and sorrows of this life, that there is a better world, a heavenly one, for the spirit when it is done with the cares and conflicts of this life: these toils and strifes shall be left behind like a dream in the distance! The spirit done with its doubts and sins, suspicions and distrusts, they shall be abhorred and cast over the battlements of the memory, no more to come between our peace and the purity and love of God.

Thus it is we see that the drama of existence, the continuity of being, the gradual ascending scale of life, was grasped and is foretold us by the Son of God. This presents no scientific difficulties; it is in harmony with, though it transcends, the observation of ordinary philosophy. It is impossible to subject these interesting statements of the Saviour to the same analysis and scrutiny as the subjects of material science: they belong to a higher class, and supplement the imperfections of our finite existence here. Nothing but a divinely-gifted mind could have handed down to us such high knowledge and assurance, and every believing and loving heart clings to this knowledge. Could we but see with the eye of God, as Christ saw in this matter, all would be clear to us; the perfection of creation, and the gradual slope which rises up to heaven, the continuity of endless life and being, would be all transparent. What a wonderful revelation does science make to man of this earth! A few years' study fills the soul with a view of creation as different from that of a child as the life above may be different from the present. The ignorant feel themselves at present living in a world to them little, dark and all unmeaning; the philosopher feels his lot cast in the midst of magnificence, and revels in a paradise of order, light and

beauty no language can express. Whose thought is most sublime and nearer truth? Great as is the gulf at times among the views and feelings of men, how much more immeasurable the distance between the thought of the wisest man and God! And it is God's thought, God's view of the universe and human destiny, which is the most sublime, thrilling and true. Of this the Saviour had a larger measure than we have, and of his fulness have we received, which brings life and immortality more and still more to light.

Two worlds are therefore ours—foretold us in the words of Christ and the nature we now enjoy, "deep seated in our mystic frame." The present world, rudimentary and evanescent, points up to the future spiritual and eternal. The present may dissolve and pass away by time's consuming hand; the future is secure against the finger of decay and death. The body of man is built up out of the dust of the earth, and returns to its earth again. The soul is of a higher sphere, the breath of God, and capable of endless life, improvement and enjoyment. To this now it looks; this is an instinct of the heart of man:

> "The wish that of the living whole,
> No life may fail beyond the grave,
> Derives it not from what we have,
> The likest God within the soul."

What a wide field of thought and investigation does the advancing science of our day open out! The *continuity* hinted and guessed at in the speech of the President will impel many students to pursue different paths to find out some still missing links. But what a much wider field of knowledge and of bliss does the enunciation of the Saviour open up, "that we shall live again, and be as the angels of God"! We now touch the cup of life with our lips, and sip but one drop of its possibilities; we do this in the midst of many cares and doubts, much darkness and misgiving. Endless thanks be unto God that He has made us to see out from the midst of our present life that He is now tutoring us in a world of mixed good and evil, light and shade, for an endless life, a continuous and progressive being; that there lies before us all a higher field of enterprize and attainment, of discovery and happiness, of love and praise!

THE CHARITIES OF LONDON.

Second Article.

The varied forms in which human sympathy and practical benevolence exhibit themselves in this great city, is one of the most interesting and honourable features of the metropolis. The marks of an advanced civilization may be seen in the streets, but the greater evidence in the innumerable good institutions is not so transparent to the transient visitor. We have already named the larger charities, in the form of great hospitals, for which this city is so famous; but there are hospitals and dispensaries and infirmaries in every district for the general poor and their ailments, and to these we now add a class of hospitals for special diseases, in which the study and art of the physicians and surgeons are directed to some particular organ of the body and its various maladies. Here the best advice and safest treatment from an extensive practice may naturally be expected. The hospitals for diseases of the *chest* and *throat* conferred a benefit to upwards of 22,000 persons in one year. The hospital for *diseases of the heart* has been usefully engaged for some years, and has granted thousands of medical applications. Lying-in hospitals are erected in every part of London, and thousands of poor women are attended to in these and at their own homes from the funds of these institutions. There are several hospitals for diseases peculiar to women; one of these attended to 14,000 cases in one year. For men and for children there are special medical institutions as well. Some hospitals are devoted entirely to paralysis and epilepsy, others for cancer, others for spinal diseases; some for the cure of broken, diseased or contorted bones; some for small-pox, ruptures, fistula, stone, ulcers, skin, scrofulous, glandular; — all these different diseases have their specific institutions and surgeons in London. There is a very large number of eye and ear hospitals. The Report of one of the eye hospitals states that during the last fifty years 135,376 have been benefited by it; that 2811 persons have been restored to sight, and 10,825 have had successful operations for squinting. Another of these hospitals reports 4111 cases attend-

ed to in one year. In one dental hospital nearly 5000 persons are attended to every year.

Did our space permit, we could fill several pages with interesting cases from the convalescent hospitals, and the good work they are doing for the poor. The Reports of the lunatic hospitals in London form a tale of greatest sorrow and of deepest interest. One of these institutions admits about 150 patients yearly, and has already since its opening treated 19,722 patients. The largest institution of this kind for pauper lunatics affords accommodation for one thousand seven hundred patients, and is kept up at an expense of £40,000 per year. Before we conclude this chapter of human suffering and Christian sympathy, we may just name there are a few excellent institutions for training nurses. The first of these was founded in 1840, and keeps about one hundred sisters constantly employed. The last of these was founded in 1858, in memory of Miss Nightingale's services, for which £48,000 were subscribed.

We now for a moment call attention to the extensive and diversified work of education which goes on in London. We do not hesitate to say, that no child, the very poorest of the poor, but may have an almost costless education; and yet in London thousands are growing up in Egyptian darkness. The fault is in the ignorance and carelessness of the parents. Efforts are made of a gigantic nature to educate the people. The Report of eight educational boards states they have expended £1,400,000. In every district of London good and cheap schools are provided. There are no less than 176 Ragged schools, with 800 paid teachers and monitors and 2970 voluntary teachers. The societies and charities for education are a countless legion.

It is among the most interesting sights around London, the munificently endowed colleges and institutions for the education of the young and the retreat of the poor and infirm. Some of these are of very ancient date. The one founded by Sir R. Whittington, "*thrice Lord Mayor of London,*" disburses 5000 pounds annually. The tourist round the neighbourhood of London is continually meeting with buildings under the various names of colleges, hospitals, asylums, almshouses and retreats.

No city in the world can compare with London for the number of philanthropic societies, some for the preservation of life, health and public morals, others intended to reclaim the fallen and reform the criminal. Our space is insufficient to give our readers a tithe of information concerning the operations of these societies.

London is also the centre of patriotic and Christian efforts to meet the special and general claims of suffering humanity at home and abroad. The money raised during the first half of this century under the name of Lloyd's Patriotic Fund was £797,273. The Wellington College Fund amounted to £100,000; the Crimean Patriotic Fund more than a million and a half sterling; the Indian Mutiny Fund nearly half a million; for the relief of distress in Coventry, £45,000; for the relief of the British in Syria, £50,000; the famine in India, £114,807; sent in charity to Calcutta and Bombay, £111,998. These are recent munificent acts of benevolence worthy of our people. We do not mean to say that this money was collected entirely in London, but that the centre of operations was here.

We will conclude our present article by appending the annual financial statement for 1866 of a number of benevolent institutions which have their chief offices in London. It will be seen that these societies raise upwards of one million sterling, and this list does not include the whole.

British and Foreign Bible Society (excluding sales)	£90,072
Trinitarian Bible Society	1,153
Naval and Military	1,509
Bible Translation (Baptist)	1,863
Church Missionary	146,208
Propagation Society	54,957
London Missionary	83,141
Wesleyan Missionary	145,885
Baptist Missionary	27,716
London Society for the Jews	34,992
British Society for the Jews	7,619
Colonial and Continental Church Society	31,636
Colonial Missionary	3,827
Foreign Aid	2,002
Evangelical Continental	2,466
South American	6,515
Moravian Missions	6,125
Turkish Missions	2,486
English Presbyterian	4,021
Primitive and United Methodists	17,557

Pastoral Aid	£42,240
Curates Aid	32,341
Bishop of London's Fund	48,248
Incorporated Church Building	9,221
Scripture Readers	13,730
City Mission	35,469
Home Missionary	7,604
Wesleyan Home and Seamen's	21,737
Irish Church Missions	26,074
Irish Society	8,460
Irish Evangelical	2,686
Army Scripture Readers	10,951
Naval ditto	1,000
Missions to Seamen	7,974
British and Foreign Sailors	3,934
Protestant Reformation	4,368
Baptist Societies	5,577
Midnight Mission	1,260
Christian Knowledge (excluding sales)	25,609
Religious Tract	10,337
National Society (excluding grants)	12,435
Church of England Education	1,206
British and Foreign School	13,567
Home and Colonial (excluding grants)	1,672
Christian Vernacular	6,380
Ragged School Union	7,538
Sunday School Union	2,081
Wesleyan Education	5,934
Congregational Education	2,671
Teaching the Blind	3,782
Protestant Alliance	2,005
Lord's-day	1,378
Working Men's Lord's-day	1,000
Association for the Blind	6,108

THE LONE ONE.

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
And dare to stand alone;
Strive for the right, whate'er you do,
Though helpers there are none.

Nay, bend not to the swelling surge
Of public sneer and wrong;
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.

Stand for the right! Though falsehood rail
And proud lips coldly sneer,
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right! and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by;

Men who have seen and thought and felt,
Yet could not boldly dare
The battle's brunt, but by thy side
Will every danger share.

Stand for the right! Proclaim it loud!
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

PROFESSOR JOWETT ON THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL.

The gospel, it has been often remarked, lays down principles rather than rules. The passages in the Epistles of St. Paul which seem to be exceptions to this statement, are exceptions in appearance rather than reality. They are relative to the circumstances of those whom he is addressing. He who became "all things to all men," would have been the last to insist on temporary regulations for his converts being made the rule of Christian life in all ages. His manner of church government is so unlike a rule or law, that we can hardly imagine how the apostle, if he could return to earth, would combine the freedom of the gospel with the requirements of Christianity as an established institution. He is not a bishop administering a regular system, but a person dealing immediately with other persons out of the fulness of his own mind and nature. His writings are like spoken words, temporary, occasional, adapted to other men's thoughts and feelings, yet not without an eternal meaning. In sending his instructions to the churches, he is ever with them, and seems to follow in his mind's eye their working and effect; whither his Epistles go, he goes in thought; absent, in his own language, "in the body, but present in spirit." What he says to the churches, he seems to make them say; what he directs them to do, they are to do in that common spirit in which they are united with him; if they live, he lives; time and distance never snap the cord of sympathy. His government of them is a sort of communion with them; a receiving of their feelings and a pouring forth of his own: he is the heart or pulse which beats through the Christian world.

And with this communion of himself and his converts, this care of daily life, there mingles the vision of "the great family in heaven and earth;" the church which is his body," in which the meaner reality is enfolded or wrapped up, "sphered in a radiant cloud," even in its low estate. The language of the Epistles exercises an illusion on our minds when thinking of the primitive church; individuals perhaps there were who truly partook of that light with which the apostle encircled

them; there may have been those in the churches of Corinth, or Ephesus, or Galatia, who were living on earth the life of heaven. But the idea which fills the apostle's mind has not necessarily a corresponding fact in the actual state of his converts. The beloved family of the apostle, the church of which such "glorious things are told," is often in tumult and disorder. His love is constantly a source of pain to him; he watches over them with a "godly jealousy," and finds them "affecting others rather than himself." They are always liable to be "spoiled" by some vanity of philosophy, some remembrance of Judaism, which, like an epidemic, carries off whole churches at once, and seems to exercise a fatal power over them. He is a father harrowed and agonized in his feelings; he loves more and suffers more than other men; he will not think, he cannot help thinking, of the ingratitude of his children; he tries to believe, he is persuaded, that all is well; he denounces, he forgives; he defends himself, he is ashamed of defending himself; he is the herald of his own deeds when others neglect or injure him; he is ashamed of this too, and retires into himself, to be at peace with Christ and God. So we seem to read the course of the apostle's thoughts in more than one passage of his writings, beginning with the heavenly ideal, and descending to the painful realities of actual life, especially at the close of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians,—altogether, perhaps, the most characteristic picture of the apostle's mind; and in the last words to the Galatians, "Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Great men (those at least who present to us the type of earthly greatness) are sometimes said to possess the power of command, but not the power of entering into the feelings of others. They have no fear of their fellows, they are not affected by their opinions or prejudices, but neither are they always capable of immediately impressing them, or of perceiving the impression which their words or actions make upon them. Often they live in a kind of solitude on which other men do not venture to intrude, putting forth their strength on particular occasions, careless or abstracted about the daily concerns of life. Such was not the greatness of the apostle St. Paul; not only in the sense in which he says that "he could do all things through Christ," but in a more earthly and human one, was it true, that his strength was his weakness and his weakness his strength. His dependence on others was also the source of his influence over them. His natural character was the type of that communion of the Spirit which he preached; the meanness of appearance which he attributes to himself, the image of that contrast which the gospel presents to human greatness. Glorying and humiliation; life and death; a vision of angels strengthening him, the "thorn in the flesh" rebuking him; the greatest tenderness, not without sternness; sorrows above measure, consolations above measure; are some of the contradictions which were reconciled in the same man. It is not a long life of ministerial success on which he is looking back a little before his death, where he says, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." These words are sadly illustrated by another verse of the same Epistle, "This thou knowest, that all they which are in Asia be turned away from" (2 Tim. i. 15). So when the contrast was at its height, he passed away, rejoicing in persecution also, and "filling up that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ for his body's sake." Many, if not most, of his followers had forsaken him; and there is no certain memorial of the manner of his death. Let us look once more a little closer at that "visage marred" in his Master's service, as it appeared about three years before on a well-known scene. A poor aged man, worn by some bodily or mental disorder, who had been often scourged, and bore on his face the traces of indignity and sorrow in every form—such an one, led out of prison between Roman soldiers, probably at times faltering in his utterance, the creature, as he seemed to spectators, of nervous sensibility, yearning, almost with a sort of fondness, to save the souls of those whom he saw around him—spoke a few eloquent words in the cause of Christian truth, at which kings were awed, telling the tale of his own conversion with such simple pathos, that after ages have hardly heard the like.

Such is the image, not which Christian art has delighted to consecrate, but which the apostle has left in his own writings of himself; an image of true wisdom, and nobleness, and affection, but of a wisdom unlike the wisdom of this world; of a nobleness which must not be transformed into that of the heroes of this world; an affection which seemed to be as strong and as individual towards all mankind as other men are capable of feeling towards a single person.

THE BUILDERS.

By Henry W. Longfellow.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in the walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, nor low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yearning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

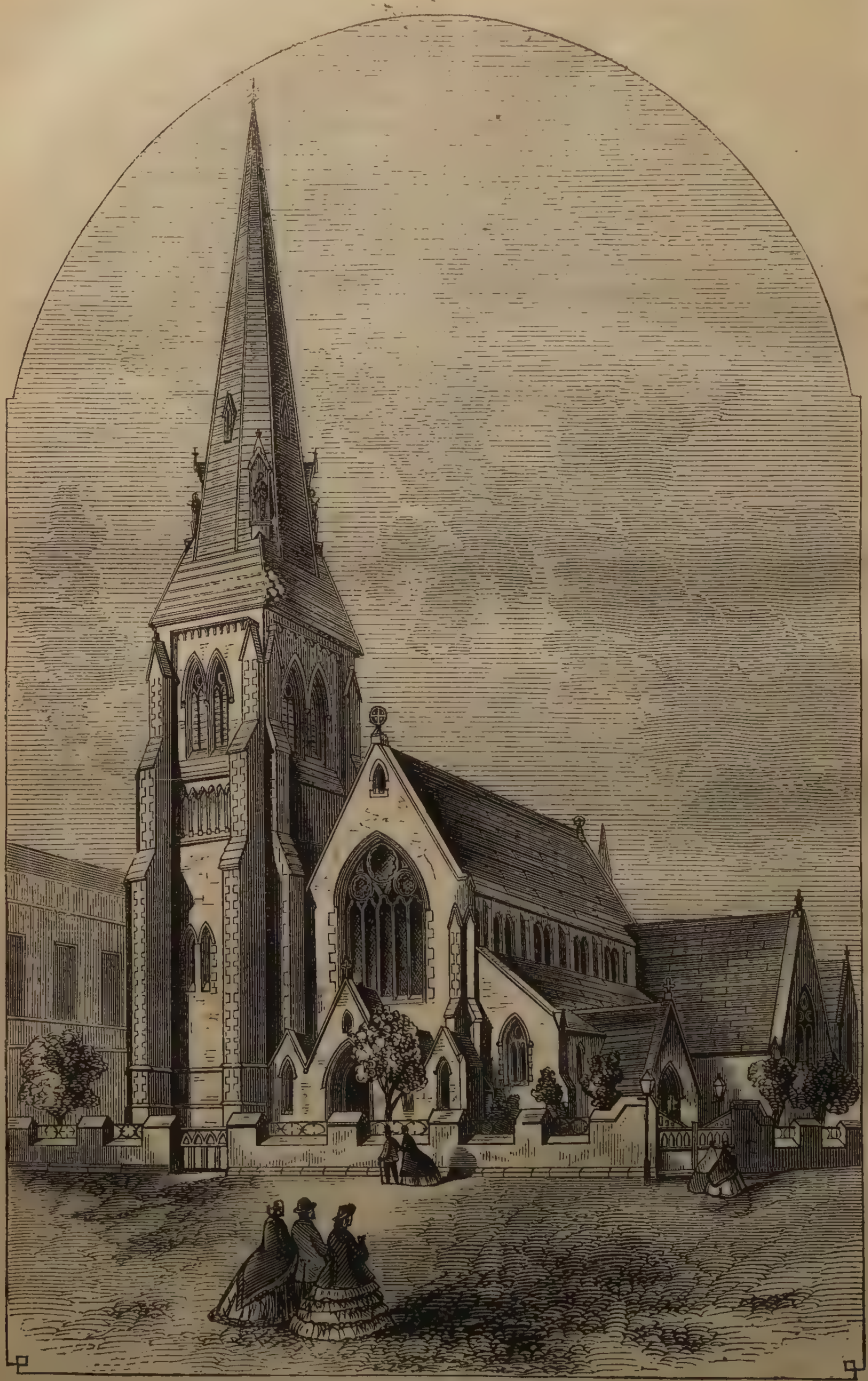
Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

THE BIBLE.

I, for one, love the Bible supremely. In all the world I have found no book to set beside it. Other books I love well. Milton, Taylor, Carlyle, Tennyson, Emerson, Spencer, and many a noble name beside in this great brotherhood, is so dear to me, that there are few sacrifices I could not gladly make rather than lose their companionship. But when I am in any great strait—when I want to find words other than my own to rebuke some crying sin, to stay some desperate sinner, to whisper to the soul at the parting of the worlds, to read, as I sit with them that weep beside their dust, words that I know will go to the right place as surely as corn dropped into good soil on a gleaming May-day—then I put aside all books but one—the book out of which my mother read to me, and over which she sang to me as far back as I can remember. And it is like those springs that never give out in the dryest, and never freeze in the hardest weather, because they reach so directly into the great warm fountains hidden under the surface.

But have we not all noticed the curious fact that men go to the Bible for what they want to find, rather than for what they ought to find? that those who profess the most absolute submission to its authority, offer generally the finest possible illustration of the supremacy of the soul over the Bible in the way they contrive to make it serve their turn? and that it is by no means impossible to find duplicates of the good Scotch woman's minister, of whom she said—"If there is a cross text in the Bible, he is sure to find it and to take it for a sermon"? The truth is, the Bible is like a great pasture. The horse takes what he wants; so does the cow. The sheep is true to its instincts; so is the goat. And then, last of all, the ass rolls the thistle, like a sweet morsel under his tongue. So, when a man with a large, sweet nature comes to the Bible, he crops, by a sure instinct, all the large, sweet passages. The hopeful man finds the hopeful things; the sad man, the sorrowful things; the hard man, the gritty things; and every man, the things that satisfy his craving, though they may in no way make for his peace.—*Rev. Robert Collyer.*



HOPE-STREET CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL.

HOPE-STREET CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL.

The edifice here engraved was dedicated to the worship of the One True God, by a public religious service, Thursday, October 18, 1849; and before proceeding to give its report of what took place on the opening day, the *Christian Reformer*, to which we now turn for assistance, sketched a brief abstract of the past history of the religious society by whom the noble structure was raised.

Liverpool had its ejection in 1662. It was then but a chapelry in the parish of Walton; and when John Fogg was divorced from his pulpit by the Act of Uniformity, the annual marriages of Liverpool were but 5, and its christenings and burials 30 each. The whole population of the place probably would not exceed a thousand.

Thomas Crompton, the Nonconformist minister of Toxteth Park chapel, does not seem to have been disturbed, but continued his services there, assisted by Mr. Briscoe and Mr. Richardson (the former the ejected minister of Walmesley, Lancashire, the latter of Kirkheaton, Yorkshire). These worthy men appear by their services and labours to have nourished the Nonconformity which Mr. Fogg had planted; and the life of Mr. Richardson was prolonged to the close of 1698 (the year before the erection of Liverpool into a separate parish by Act of Parliament). About the year 1700 we find a congregation of Dissenters meeting in a newly-built chapel in Kaye Street, some 300 yards N.E. of the Exchange, its first minister being the Rev. Christopher Basnett. The Rev. John Brekell, who was appointed to be his colleague in 1728, succeeded him as sole minister on his death in 1744; and during the ministry of Mr. Brekell, the correspondent of Doddridge and Benson, Lardner and Lindsey, the controversy arose on the subject of free prayer and the use of printed forms, which ended in a severance of the congregation. In 1763, there was a secession of members favourable to the use of printed forms from both the chapel in Kaye Street and that in Benn's Garden; and the seceders erected for themselves the place of worship in Temple Court called the Octagon, and appointed Dr. Nicholas Clayton to be their minister. Mr. Brekell died in 1769, and was succeeded by the Rev. Philip Taylor, who removed to Eustace Street, Dublin, in 1777. In the month of October in that year, the Rev John Yates and the Rev. Hugh Anderson were ordained together in Liverpool, Mr. Yates being appointed to Kaye Street and Mr. Anderson to Toxteth Park. The popularity of Mr. Yates's services was very great; and in the year 1791 the congregation emerged from Kaye Street, having built a large and handsome chapel in Paradise Street, to which was subsequently added a school for boys and girls. In 1824, after the resignation of Mr. Yates (who had held his appointment for nearly half a century), the Rev. John Grundy removed to Paradise Street from Manchester. His health failing, a colleague was provided for him in 1832, in the Rev. James Martineau (who had then recently resigned his office as one of the ministers of Eustace Street, Dublin, in consequence of his disapproval of the *Regium Donum*). Mr. Martineau succeeded as sole pastor on the resignation of Mr. Grundy; and in the year 1848, the congregation having resolved to rear, in a better part of the increasing town of Liverpool, an ecclesiastical structure worthy of their cause, the foundation-stone was laid, May 9, of the new church in Hope Street. Mr. Martineau received, shortly after, a twelvemonth's release from pastoral duty, the pulpit being supplied in his absence by Rev. Joseph Henry Hutton.

The new church, erected while Mr. Martineau was abroad on the continent, was opened in 1849. The style is Middle Pointed, or that which prevailed in the early part of the fourteenth century. The plan is cruciform, consisting of chancel, south chancel, aisle, transepts, nave, north and south aisles, south porch, tower (engaged) at north-west angle, and west porch. Cloisters are provided at the north and south aisles, and a vestry at the north-east angle of transept and chancel, with internal approach to pulpit. The octagonal committee-room, at the extreme north-east, adds considerably to the general effect of the combination. The architects were Messrs. Barry and Brown, of Liverpool.

Mr. Martineau found himself surround-

ed on the opening day by upwards of forty of his brethren of the ministry, assembled from all parts of the country. The introductory service was conducted by himself, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Madge, from Acts i. 13, 14. Dedicating the church to the service of God the Father, the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Madge delivered a discourse worthy of the great occasion; and in the after part of the day there was a vast festive gathering in the Philharmonic Hall, Mr. Thomas Bolton (the Chairman of the Building Committee) presiding. One of the few present who could remember the erection of the chapel in Paradise Street, and was present at its opening and its closing services, was Mr. Thos. Thornely, M.P., and to the toast which he proposed, "Honour to the Nonconformists of the Seventeenth Century!" response was made by Mr. James Heywood, M.P., a descendant of Oliver Heywood, one of the ejected ministers (as in Mr. Martineau we have a descendant of the Huguenot emigrants who sought and found an asylum in this country).

The preachers of the following Sunday, October 21, were the pastor and the Rev. Charles Wicksteed, whose texts were Matt. xxv. 4 and Heb. xii. 22—24. Mr. Wicksteed, without entering into the special purposes to which the magnificent temple in which they were assembled would be from week to week devoted, said, he might yet assert with confidence that it was erected as a refuge for liberty and sincerity—as a protest against the accretions to the simple doctrine of Jesus Christ which almost all churches around them had agreed to demand as essential to saving faith, and as an attempt to restore to its early beauty and power the holy catholic faith of Christ and the New Testament. The preacher concluded with pointing out that the main elements of the Christian faith were found in all churches; and that as a church we had to do with reducing the profession of faith to its original elements.

Mr. Wicksteed, following the Rev. W. H. Channing (the immediate successor of Mr. Martineau), now holds, with the Rev. Alexander Gordon, the pastorate of the church in Hope Street.

THE INFIDEL CHURCH.

"A PACK of infidels!" said one, with a sneer, when our chapel was mentioned; and the dear, believing wife of another friend said, when she heard her husband was about to attend a lecture by one of our ministers, "Edward, dear Edward! are you going to hear an infidel? I am ill to think of it." And she told the writer that if her husband had gone that night, she would have certainly gone into hysterics. She lived to be saved from her delusion, and would now be shocked to hear our churches and people called "*infidel*." But what a serious charge and reproach this is we have to bear, and how utterly false and scandalous! Surely we have a cross, but we would be the last, though we have suffered much, to counsel casting it off. We have a good conscience, and thus we are doubly armed for the assault made upon our faith and churches. "They are infidels," say the preachers and pamphleteers. Then who are believers? We believe in God, we believe in the divine mission of Christ, we believe in a future state; we meet together for prayer and praise and religious instruction; we are not esteemed vicious or bad neighbours or citizens. We are called infidels and deists and other offensive names, while the very men who profess deism confess the writings of Unitarian authors are the most able defences of a divine revelation. Lord Brougham, in the House of Peers, said that the ablest defenders of Christianity had belonged to the Unitarian faith; and the general run of books and sermons to stem back infidelity are based on the Unitarian position. Mr. Spurgeon said some time ago he could not see the difference between a Unitarian and an infidel,—i.e. the difference between a man like Lardner, who spent a long life to sustain revelation, and a man like Paine, who assailed it; could not see the difference between a man like Channing, whose words are so full of reverence for God and Christ, and a man like Voltaire, who assailed Christ with ribaldry. Surely we need not envy the state of mind of those who say such things. In our interpretation of Scripture and some of the doctrines of religion we differ widely from many of the churches, but they have no

more right to call us infidel than we have to call them infidel over these differences. We must bear a little longer these ignorant or malicious reproaches, and take care in our conversation and lives to afford no handle for so severe an epithet.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

When I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was there, he would call to me—

"Mary, Mary, take care! there's a mouse in the pantry."

I often used to cease crying at this, and stand wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but I never found one. One day I said:

"Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often." He smiled and said:

"Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are the mice that get in, and nibble away all the good, and that make you cross and peevish and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now I want to shew you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep mice out, you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness, and have for bait, good resolutions and firmness."

"But, mother," said Nancy, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they soon nibble the resolutions away?"

"No, Nancy, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait was a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandfather first told me, for I was such a very little girl; but I knew it was told for me in some way, and after a while I began to find out what he meant. He told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things, if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.

"Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings."

A LAY SERMON.

"God is love."—John.

One of the great controversies of the day revolves round the Bible with respect to its claims to be regarded as a revelation from heaven. I am not, however, going into the question now, but just wish to name two or three plain facts concerning the Bible, leaving them to bear as they may upon the question itself. And, first, the Bible is invaluable as a picture of ancient times; a statement the truth of which you will acknowledge at once if you consider what a huge gap would be made in the history of those times if this particular record were withdrawn. And then, the picture is so full of life and interest; *so* full, indeed, that even if proved to be false, we should still wish it were true; for it presents such forms of life as our imagination loves to dwell upon, and whatever our reason declared, our heart would still continue to put forward a plea in their favour. Secondly, the Bible is invaluable as an intellectual stimulus. Outward stimulus is the primary condition of inner activity. Hence the outward conditions in which we are placed—these being occasions and provocatives to activity, without which, it might confidently be asserted, our inner life would droop and die. And as the written thoughts of our fellow-men are amongst the very highest of these outward stimuli, so there is no book in the world which has so roused and excited our intellectual nature as the Bible has. Coming before us, no matter on what grounds, *claiming* to be heard, there are no words with which we are more familiar, and none that are so deep-reaching and rousing, whether we use them for affirmation or denial. Close the Bible, and in that same act you narrow exceedingly the range of the intellectual vision, and close up innumerable most interesting questions. But, thirdly, and this is what I wish particularly to say, the Bible is useful most of all for its action upon the life within us that is highest of all, our moral and spiritual life; and this quite apart often from our pre-conceived notions about it. Thus, by our very familiarity with its words, it is guidance for our perplexities, strength for our weakness, hope for our despondency, voice for our

dumbness,—help, in one word, when we are without the power to help ourselves. It is, I say, supremely useful in this, in being the treasure-house of words which, meeting the soul in its various conditions and moods, are the very words we want to hear, but lack the power to utter. The soul is often in moods in which it might be said to lie helplessly afloat on the sea of time; seeking light, and not seeing it; seeking succour, and not finding it; or it is struggling with thoughts and feelings too deep for utterance; but it hears a few choice words out of the Bible, and lo! instantly the cloud rolls off and the heart is relieved.

Yes! dispute as we may about its authority, there are seasons when we are ready to appropriate its maxims and declarations without the least hesitation. Seasons there are when the world, when human life, when God, are one huge insoluble problem—all darkness and mystery; and then, how welcome the strong, clear light which flashes upon it out of the Bible! It may not be the light we wanted, but it is at least *a* light in which new hope springs up in our hearts. Seasons there are when the soul seems utterly loosed from its sure moorings of faith and trust; and how welcome at such times the examples and words of unfaltering faith with which the Bible abounds! Seasons there are, even with the best of us, of moral discouragement, in which duty seems both burdensome and profitless; but how instantly the moral atmosphere is cleared if we but hear such inspiriting accents as these; "Be not weary in well-doing!" Most of all, in that dread hour when heart and flesh fail, and the soul, sinking into the helplessness of death, can neither help itself nor be helped by others,—at that dread hour, I say, what a soothing, comforting power is exercised over the soul by a few choice utterances out of the Bible! The fact is, we do not know, we cannot calculate, the good the Bible is to us in this way; nor does it affect the case that our own theories about it are, as I have said, often quite antagonistic to the influence it thus so powerfully exerts.

Such an inspiring sentence, now, is this one, "God is love." It compels attention by the simplicity of its form and the confidence of its tone; it solicits it still more by the manner in which it meets the greatest need of which our nature is sensible. Let us briefly consider this need.

How vast the distance which separates manhood from childhood! For the child, sheltered within his peaceful, blissful home, every sense is but an inlet of joy; and as he knows not of aught to disturb his present tranquillity, so he dreams not of future change. For the man grown, however, the change has come; and this, not merely that he has already met with unexpected difficulties in his outward career, for he soon learns the rather to welcome these as but opportunities to test and prove his manhood; but the change has come about, or I much mistake, in the regular unfolding of his intellectual and moral nature, and in the progressive widening of his personal experience. Other susceptibilities have been developed within him; other scenes have opened before him.

Of the great world of outward nature the child's impression is, "How beautiful!"—the sensuous nature is uppermost—the nature delighting in forms and colours and motion; but the *man's* impression is, "How mighty is nature!"—the nature observant and reflective is uppermost. He stands by some towering mountain-height, or under some huge over-hanging rock, or by the side of some wild rushing stream, or in view of the ocean so tremendous in its might; and his heart sinks within him at the display of so much power; or he looks at nature's laws working so surely, so irresistibly, and the same sinking of heart returns, perhaps in greater measure; and he asks with bated breath, "What am I—O what am I, as compared with these giant forms and forces? Atom as I am—am I thought of, cared for, considered? What is my goal, where is my safety, amidst this tremendous and unceasing whirl? I see around me power—power amazing, confounding, incalculable—but is it good, kind, loving, or is it the reverse? Who will resolve for me this great question?"

Or he looks more minutely at the laws of nature, and is still plunged into sad and perplexed pondering. There is apparent to him, for instance, a very profusion of animal life in the world, and in that he feels he might rejoice; but there

is just as apparent to him a seeming carelessness as to its well-being. The more powerful animals prey upon the less powerful; and, indeed, this is the very law of animal life. The world, as a whole, is beautiful to look upon; but if he descends to particulars, taking animal life for his subject, he finds it a scene of dire and dread conflict, sad to behold, sadder to think of. God is still power; but O, he asks, "is He not capricious as well?"

Or he turns to man himself, and is not yet re-assured. The giant forces of nature, sometimes concentrating their might, as it were, in the hurricane or the earthquake, take man by surprise and overwhelm him in ruin. Or, if safe from these, he is subject to innumerable mischances, such as accidents, pestilence, failure of crops on which he relies for subsistence,—mischances which smite him down, as it were, without notice and without mercy. Or, escaping these, he is still subject to the common ills and woes of mortality, such as ill health, stripping life of all enjoyment, and bereavements worse than any personal mischance or misfortune whatsoever. World, at the best, of change, uncertainty, failure of plans, pain, grief,—how easy, how certain for the heart that realizes it to sink into painful doubts again and again as to the character of the Sovereign Ruler of it!

And then the moral elements of his being step in and add to the dire perplexity. For let our views of God and nature be what they may, the action of a moral nature is felt to be never intermitted, and conscience is always seen to sit arbiter of our acts, acquitting or condemning us. We may not be able to understand God, but we find it almost impossible to doubt His moral governorship; and the great question that constantly presses upon our minds, disturbing our peace, is, "Have I offended that Being already known to be so great and powerful? I could not distinctly feel that He was my friend before, but have I not by my acts made Him my enemy, one day to be my Judge and His own avenger? O," we say, "for some *assurance* of what He is,—for assurance, most of all, of my own relation to Him!"

Now it is such moods as these that the words of the text seem so exactly fitted to meet. Reflecting the strong faith of another mind, they awaken strange echoes within our own, and despite of ourselves we begin to hope and believe. They do not resolve our doubts, and these will probably recur again and again; but they create just that state of mind in which, if anything can be rationally urged in its favour, it is likely to have weight with us, to the deepening and strengthening of the new faith and trust which happily has thus struck its roots in our heart.

One such ground now, as I think, consists in this—viz. the *ease* with which we at intervals pass on to the fullest faith in God's overshadowing love. Yes; there are moments when it might seem to us the easiest and most natural thing in the world to take this great comfort to our hearts—as when He comes forth in the loveliness of spring, or in the balmy airs of summer, or in the plenty and richness of autumn; or, again, when the sun pours his soft radiance over hill and field, or the stars come forth at night in their serene and silent beauty. So, moreover, there are occasions in our own personal history when this faith in God's love is very near to our hearts—as when an unexpected outward good comes to us, or we are raised from a bed of sickness, perhaps snatched from the jaws of death. So it is also in those by no means rare moments when a serene and hallowed joy rises and trembles within our breasts, the source of which we cannot trace, only we feel, and are *sure*, that it is our Father's good spirit that is stirring and working within. Such blessed seasons there are for all of us, and from the dreariest valley of doubt we sometimes rise to the sun-lit heights of full assurance.

And now, if these bright moments surprise us, as they often do, in our worst moods of doubt and depression, might it not be because the soul, wearied of its vain searchings, has, as it were, by a blind instinct, stumbled upon the *true* path to faith and trust—namely, when, renouncing self, it casts itself upon Him who is the All-powerful as its *only* hope and refuge? It learns by a painful experience to be "still," and in that stillness finds God.

Lynn. J. S.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE

Come, listen all unto my song,
It is no silly fable,
'Tis all about the mighty cord,
They call the Atlantic cable.

Bold Cyrus Field he said, says he,
I have a pretty notion,
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed and said
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get half seas over, but
He never could get through it;

To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic cable!

But Cyrus was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision;
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wa'n't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried,
"*Three times!*—you know the fable"—
(I'll make it *thirty*, muttered he,
But I will lay the cable!)

Once more they tried. Hurrah—hurrah!
What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised, the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud ring the bell—for flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
And soon in every nation
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration.

Now long live they and long live we,
And long live gallant Cyrus;
And may his courage, faith and zeal,
With emulation fire us.

And may we honour evermore
The manly, bold and stable;
And tell our sons, to make them brave,
How Cyrus laid the cable.

J. G. Saxe.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

"How are you, my young friend? I am glad to see you. I hear you are a Unitarian in religion;" and our young friend felt a little abashed at this question about her religion at the first blush, as it is frequently the beginning of some unkind and unjust remarks, and in the end the rupture of friendship; but she modestly replied, "I am a Unitarian, madam." "*So am I*," said the lady whose name is at the head of our paper, and grasped and shook her hand so warmly.

Mary Somerville has now for nearly half a century been regarded as an honour to England and her sex, and the most learned lady of the present age. Her peculiar genius for mathematical and philosophical studies was early developed, and her taste for literary pursuits was in childhood encouraged by her friends. As a daughter, wife and mother, she is a pattern of feminine gentleness, fidelity and carefulness. She has striven, among other things in her life, with much earnestness and success to promote a better education and more rational and healthy culture of the female mind. Nearly forty years ago she was encouraged by Lord Brougham to write on the "Mechanism of the Heavens," which she did, and issued a volume over six hundred pages large octavo. Its merits were acknowledged at once, and her reputation as an accomplished writer and student of science was for ever established. It is a remarkable testimony to her ability, that when the celebrated Laplace met her in Paris, and had no knowledge at all of her, after a lengthy conversation on scientific subjects, he remarked to her that she was the *only* person he knew of who seemed to take the trouble to understand his "*Mechanique Celeste*," except an English lady who had translated it. She had the pleasure then of saying that she was that lady.

She has also written on "*The Connection of the Physical Sciences*," a book which has run through a great number of editions; also an able work on "*Physical Geography*" in two volumes, which has seen several editions.

We are informed that the Queen and other members of the Royal Family have appreciated her labours, and have profited

by her useful works. Her chief aim has been, as she said in addressing the Queen, to elevate the minds of her own sex. "If I have succeeded in my endeavour to make the laws by which the material world is governed more familiar to my countrywomen, I shall have the gratification of thinking that the gracious permission to dedicate my book to your Majesty has not been misplaced." Her works have been described as a "True Kosmos," and worthy of being classed among the greatest efforts of the human mind directing its energies to the philosophy of science conjoined with moral advancement, and that Mrs. Somerville has done more by her writings to Christianize the sciences than any other living author. The author of "*Woman's Record*" says of her, "Except it be Sir Isaac Newton, we do not recollect one among departed philosophers who has approached her standard of sublime speculations on the visible creation, united with childlike faith in the Divine Creator. Physical science will henceforth have a religious power. As Peter and John could not *see* the angel at the tomb of the Saviour, yet when they heard from the women that Christ was risen, they followed in faith, the revelation, the truth was made clear to the reason of the apostles as it had been made to the love of the devoted females; thus will philosophers follow the *moral* guidance of a woman." Mrs. Somerville has interwoven with her writings on Physical Science innumerable beautiful moral reflections on the nature of man, progress, and the Christian religion. With a brief extract we close this meagre account of so gifted, noble and useful a woman, who, we may say, is still living, though in a distant country, Italy, watching the progress of better institutions and principles, and a witness of the fact that she has not lived or laboured in vain for the improvement of our race. She says, "No retrograde movement can now take place in civilization; the diffusion of Christian virtues and of knowledge ensures the progressive advancement of man in those high moral and intellectual qualities that constitute his true dignity. Selfishness and evil passions may possibly ever be found in the human breast; but the progress of the race will consist in the increasing power of public opinion, the collective voice of mankind, regulated by the Christian principles of morality and justice. The individuality of man modifies his opinions and belief; it is a part of the variety which is a universal law of nature; so that there will probably always be difference of views as to religious doctrine, which, however, will become more spiritual and freer from the taint of human infirmity; but the power of the Christian religion will appear in purer conduct, and in the more general practice of mutual forbearance, charity and love."

SALVATION.

Like the good Bible word "grace," the word salvation has, to many minds, a technical, artificial sound.

Can't we think of a better word to express what the apostles meant? "A better word!" some one replies; "what, invent a new word instead of the glorious word 'salvation'?"

Oh, no! we will only go back to the simple, common-sense, Anglo-Saxon word which old John Wycliffe used in his translation of the New Testament in 1380.

He uses the word *health* instead. For instance, where, in our common version, we read in Jude, 3d verse, "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation," Wycliffe says, "of your common health." So, too, in Acts iv. 12, where, speaking of Jesus, it is said, "Neither is there salvation in any other," Wycliffe translates, "and health is not in any other." So in Hebrews vi. 9, where we read in our common version, "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation," Wycliffe says, "We trust of you better things and *near to health*."

O, how refreshing to turn from the Latinisms of a later day to his pure and simple English! Why must we use words, when we speak about religion, which carry the hearer so far away from every-day life? We cannot see how the lumbering Latin word "salvation," as expressing the meaning of the Greek word "soteria," is any improvement upon the compact, clearly understood little word "health."

Schleusner, in his Lexicon, says of this passage in Jude above named, "religio Christiana salutifera," that is, "the health-bringing religion of Christ."

Moreover, when we remember that when Paul says to his shipwrecked companions, "Take some meat, for this is for your health," the Greek word is the very same elsewhere translated "salvation," but called health in both cases by Wycliffe, we may feel that he better conveys to us the sense of the original than does our common version.

Jude, in saying, "When I gave all diligence to write to you of your common health," cannot have referred to a specific dogma about the precise duration of future punishment, or the way in which it might be escaped, but he refers rather to their *health* or prosperity, *spiritually* as Christians.

The somewhat technical question, "How is your church flourishing?" though it falls below the idea of Jude, comes nearer to it than any question like this, "Is there an interest in your church on the great matter of salvation?" "The common health" Jude says that he has been writing about, the true health of the soul. We understand what he means, because, however unspiritual any of us may be, we know what bodily health means. We had better forget the out-of-the-way word "salvation," and consider the rather how Christianity takes charge of the soul's true health. It aims at the well-being of the character, not encouraging the idea that what is well for the character, the man's inner life, here, will not be well for it in any world. Who can be content that his real self, the self which survives sickness, sorrow and death, should be diseased, should be unsound, morally and spiritually?

By the side of the question, "Are we in health morally and spiritually," how the question sinks, "Can we be saved from some doom of terror hereafter?" The Christian knows *he is not well*, however vigorous his body, when he is harbouring envious, unforgiving thoughts, when his conscience is heavy with the remembrance of neglected duties, least of all when, by any positive act, he is violating the rights of others.

Knowing from experience what that soul's health is which comes with "a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man," he is restless and unhappy when this sense of quietness is disturbed. He is driven to repentance as his only comfort.

O, that less were said about "salvation," and more, far more, about the true health of the inner man, about *moral and spiritual integrity!*—*C. Register.*

THE TWO BANQUETS.

There was a learned Rabbi in days gone by (so the story runs), who was extremely pious and extremely poor. Though in the midst of destitution, he yet lived a holy life. Very seldom could he procure more than a scanty measure of vegetables wherewith to feed himself and family during the whole week. He was, however, resigned to his lot, and never ceased to be a model of humble virtue.

But his wife was of a somewhat different temper. She felt acutely not only the privations, but also the shame of poverty, and had recourse to many devices to conceal from the world what she conceived to be a degrading condition. One day, in a fit of impatience, she addressed her husband thus: "This miserable life I cannot bear any longer; you must find a remedy."—"What can be done, dear wife?" asked he.—"What?" quoth she; "your piety and merits must have gained for you great treasures in the next world. Can't you ask God to grant you some small portion of them in this world?" And she pressed and urged and importuned him so much and so long, that the poor man was at last induced to send up a prayer for relief.

While he was fervently praying, with his eyes raised to heaven, he saw something descending from the sky and shining in the air; down, down it came till it fell at his feet. Behold! it was a massive leg of a golden table, studded with gems. At the sight of the heaven-sent treasure the poor man started and wondered; he took up the mass of gold, and became intoxicated with joy. Oh, what an amount of wealth and happiness!—But soon other emotions took the place of joy; his mind became overpowered; he lay down, fell asleep and had a dream. He felt himself trans-

ferred into heaven, and ushered into the abode of the blessed. What a glorious scene! He saw magnificence and splendour such as could not be conceived by the human mind, much less described by words. The righteous were all seated in glory, each having before him a golden table, and enjoying the endless banquet of spiritual happiness. He also was introduced to a seat of beatitude, and had a golden table before him; but his table was always tottering and threatening to fall—it was deficient of a leg. This made him uncomfortable, and by degrees unhappy. The oppressive emotion of grief awoke the Rabbi from his sleep, and in the midst of his terror he cried, "O! my God, my God, take back thy present." And the present was taken back, while a voice from heaven seemed to whisper in his ear, "Man cannot enjoy the two banquets."

The moral of this legend is as obvious as it is salutary. The banquet of this world—the luxuries and enjoyments which a bountiful Providence has spread before man, and the possession of wealth which procures them, are in one sense blessings, but they are surrounded with immense perils, and have very grave duties and responsibilities inseparably attached to them. Men may easily, and, alas! do but too frequently, turn these blessings into a curse.

Innocent pleasures are healthful and sometimes necessary, but only when guided by watchful wisdom and controlled by great moderation. To attain the beneficial ends intended for us through them by Providence, we must keep a curb constantly upon our hearts, and struggle to subdue our animal nature, our worldly passions. But how many are there who take such pains? And how many are there who do not more or less make of enjoyment the end and aim of their lives? Most men are either mentally blind and see nothing beyond the present, or are entirely absorbed by the present and never look beyond it; they live and die as mere children of the earth.

We all more or less toil and labour for the acquisition of wealth; and, of course, our morbid imagination represents to us happiness as always following in the wake of riches. But, in truth, wealth is a heavy burden. It imposes upon us the responsibilities of its proper application—the duties of feeding the hungry, of clothing the naked, of sheltering the homeless, of educating the ignorant, of performing the thousand and one offices of charity and brotherhood with which Providence has charged those to whom He has entrusted the means. Now, are we sufficiently impressed with the weight and urgency of these duties? Are we sufficiently alive to the awful consequences of any dereliction upon our part when we are placed in possession of the means? And how many are there who seek wealth only as a means to discharge these duties?

And this is not all. Look at yonder fine gentleman, driving in a beautiful carriage, and surrounded by admirers. Yesterday he was in somewhat humble circumstances, and he was meek, respectful, kind, and full of regard for others. To-day he is rich; pride has entered his heart, and he is overbearing, cold and contemptuous. If nothing else could pervert him, flattery has succeeded. Yesterday he was content to live in a modest dwelling; he inquired into the sufferings of his poorer brethren, and could assist them. To-day he has to keep up "his position," he must have a mansion to contain his elated person, far, far from the quarters of misery, which he cannot now bear to see.

These are only some of the perils and shortcomings of wealth. Are there many who escape them? Alas! the trial is hard, and human nature is weak. Far be it from us to assert that there are not brilliant exceptions amongst the sons of fortune,—faithful stewards of the bounties confided to them by Providence, who nobly discharge the heavenly trust, and who pass unscathed through the great trial of the world, manfully resisting the assault of all its temptations. Thanks be to God, of such there are instances; and He alone knows the treasures of happiness that are deservedly in store for such men. But in the great majority of cases, human frailty succumbs; and the "leg of the golden table," too freely enjoyed in this world, must lame the happiness of the next. Truly, it is very difficult for men to "enjoy the two banquets."

To you, then, who are not the favoured guests of this world's banquet—to you, the humble and the poor, who lead a life of constant toil and penury—to you it is that we rejoice to address these words of comfort. You, the disinherited of this world, be of good cheer! When, at the close of your earthly careers, you are called before your Creator, your responsibilities will not have been great, you will have but very light accounts of stewardship to render. You have not revelled in worldly enjoyments; your sufferings have yet to be compensated; your good actions have yet to be rewarded; an infallible remunerative justice awaits you. Yes,—provided you do not spoil your prospects by your own faults and sins—provided you listen to the exhortations, and follow the advice, of your best friends, of those who are frequently addressing you from the pulpit, and admonishing you as to your duties—you will be requited with eternal and indescribable happiness. The spiritual banquet will be yours.

"The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." (Isa. xxix. 19.)

THE GOLDEN SIDE-COMB.

A TALE FOR LITTLE FOLK.

THERE was a princess once who had a fairy for a godmother. This princess was as beautiful as we are told princesses used to be; she was occasionally good, often naughty, and, on the whole, by no means perfect. One great weakness she had, which was that she was always wanting to know what people thought of her. She would go to the acacia grove when any one had been walking there, and would say to the trees,

"Tell me what such and such a one has been saying of me."

But the acacia trees shook their leaves as much as to say,

"No, no, we must not tell tales."

Then she would go to the little birds and say,

"Little birds, you tell tales sometimes; tell me what such and such a one has been saying of me."

But the little birds put their heads on one side, and answered,

"Also we can keep a secret."

Then she went to the brook and said,

"Tell me what such and such a one has been saying of me."

But the brook replied,

"My waters run so quickly that they have not time to listen to every idle word that is spoken."

There were some roses growing by the fountain, so she asked them,

"I pray you what did such and such a one say of me?"

But the roses answered,

"Do you not know that what is said under us must never be revealed?"

"The fountain will tell me then," said the princess.

"No," replied the fountain, "I am in such a constant whirl, that I cannot attend to anything but my own business."

So at last the princess went to her godmother.

"Godmother," said the princess, "I wish to know what every one thinks of me."

"It is a silly wish," said the fairy; "nevertheless I will help you, if you really want to know."

"That I do," answered the princess.

So the fairy took a little gold side-comb from her pocket and gave it to the princess.

"You have only to put this in your hair," said she, "and you will know what people's thoughts are just as if they were speaking them aloud."

So the next day the princess walked on the terrace in front of the palace, and a great many people walked there too, for it was a very fine day, and they bowed and curtsied to the princess when they met her, and she heard them saying, loud enough for her to hear,

"How beautiful the princess looks to-day!"

Then she put the little gold side-comb into her hair, and it seemed as if she could see into their hearts, and though they said, "How beautiful" with their lips, yet their hearts said, "She would look nothing without her fine clothes." "Fine feathers make fine birds." "My Sophia and Laura are twice as handsome." "What a trouble it is to have to bow and curtsey to a little bit of a thing like that!" "I hear she's a great plague to all the maids of honour." "I dare say she thinks herself a great deal

better than we are, but who would buy her fine clothes if we did not subscribe to keep the old king on the throne?" "I hear she is as silly a girl as there is in the kingdom." "And very conceited." "What a thing it is to have a good opinion of oneself!" "How cross she looks!" "Why I do believe she's going to have a regular good cry!" "Peevish little thing, when there is nothing to cry about." All this was in their hearts, but their lips kept still repeating, "How beautiful!" "How charming!"

And the poor little princess was indeed ready to cry when she found the people had such a bad opinion of her, and she wondered how they knew that she ran pins into the arms of the maids of honour as they sat spinning, or that she was proud of her fine clothes, and looked down upon those who were not so well dressed as herself. "I dare say those little birds have been telling tales of me," thought she; "I will have them all shot in the morning."

So she went into the palace to tell her mother, and as she passed along the corridor she met one of the maids of honour. The maid of honour said, "Good morning, your royal highness;" but the little princess, who could see into her heart, knew that she was not glad to see her, but was thinking, "I wonder what disagreeable thing that naughty girl will do to-day."

When she entered her mother's apartment, her mother kissed her, and looked sorrowful, for she saw that something had vexed her little daughter; and the princess read in her heart, "I am sorry that my little daughter is often so naughty; I hope as she grows older she will grow better, for I love her very much, and I hope she will try to do right."

Now as this was just what her mother often said to her, the princess was not surprised, and she knew that her mother was her best friend.

"It is all this tiresome comb," said the princess, tearing the golden side-comb out of her hair, and throwing it upon the floor.

Then she told her mother how she had wished to know what people thought of her, and how her godmother had given her the comb.

"It is not the fault of the golden side-comb," said the queen; "that has not made people think ill of you; it has only opened your eyes."

Then the queen unlocked a tortoiseshell cabinet and took out a miniature case containing two pictures; both were likenesses of the same person, the hair and eyes were of the same colour, the complexion and shape of the features the same, and yet how different were the two faces! the one was haughty and unamiable, the other beaming with goodness.

"Which do you prefer?" asked the queen.

"Can there be any doubt?" answered the princess.

"You see," said the queen, "that it is possible for every one to have two faces, and is it not more sensible to choose the pleasant one?"

"Can all people have the pleasant one?"

"Yes," replied the queen; "they have nothing to do but to take care of their hearts, and they will have no trouble about their faces."

The princess could not help laughing, it seemed such an absurd idea.

"What then is the use of rouge and pearl-powder, such as I have seen the ladies of the court use?"

"None, to make a pleasing face," returned the queen; "a good heart will shine in the eyes and make them sparkle like diamonds; a kind heart will make a pleasant smile play round the mouth; and a gentle heart will give a loveable look to the whole face, that will win people to love you."

The princess hung down her head: "I must have a good, kind, gentle heart, and if I am really amiable, people will think well of me. I will try for a year, and then I will put the golden comb in my hair again."

"But until then I advise you to give it back to your godmother."

The princess set to work to amend her faults, and at the end of the year she had grown wiser than to wish to know what people thought of her; indeed, she found so much to do that she had no time to think of it.

It was perhaps as well, as her godmother could not have given her the golden side-comb, for a fairy gift once returned can never be obtained again.

JULIA GODDARD.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.--Mrs. Stowe has truly said: "It seems to me that there are many who go monthly to the sacrament, and receive it with sincere devotion, and who give thanks each time sincerely that they are thus made members incorporate in the mystical body of Christ, who have never thought of this membership as meaning that they should share Christ's sacrifices for lost souls, or abridge themselves of one ornament or encounter one inconvenience for the sake of those wandering sheep for whom he died. Certainly there is a higher economy which we need to learn—that which makes all things subservient to the spiritual and immortal, and that not merely to the good of our own souls and those of our family, but of all who are knit with us in the great bonds of human brotherhood."

THE DOG AND THE SHAWL.—A lady was walking along one day, with a lace shawl thrown carelessly back from her shoulders, when what should she do but drop it off, and still walk on all unconscious of her loss. Two teamsters and a fine large dog were on the same road, when all at once the sensible dog left his master and galloped off toward the lady. He walked up close to her, looked up in her face, and pointed backward with his nose as well as a dog could, but all to no purpose. Then he wheeled about and planted himself directly in front of her. "That dog means something, I do not doubt," thought the lady. "Perhaps some one is in distress; I will look back and see;" when there lay her own expensive lace shawl. "All right now, ma'am," said the dog, as well as he could, dancing and capering about for a moment. Then he turned about and jogged on after his master, as unconcerned as if nothing particular had happened. You don't catch an honest, noble-minded dog asking for a reward for having simply done his duty.

READING.—Happy is he who has laid up in youth, and held steadfast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading; the true balm of hurt minds, of surer and more healthful charm than poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world; by that single taste, by that simple capacity, he may be borne in a moment into the still regions of delightful study, and be at rest.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.—When misunderstandings and constrained intercourse arise between friends or the members of a family, they seldom pass away without a crisis or an explanation; but these are dangerous periods of revolution, and for once the thorn is extracted it is three times driven deeper. Ah, why then is it so difficult thoroughly to forgive, thoroughly to forget? We cherish the memory of the wrong that we have suffered, we brood over it, we demand satisfaction, we desire to be revenged, and thus we warm serpent eggs in our bosoms. Blessed are the peacemakers! Blessed the good that forget and forgive, without thinking at the same time, "I forgive."—*Frederica Bremer.*

DON'T DRIVE THE BOYS FROM HOME.—"I should like to know where I can go?" said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, and I can't go in the parlour, for fear I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Niles's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it." And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps, and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog shop. Do you think she gained or lost?

THE TEMPLE OF CHILDHOOD.—The temple of childhood has three gates of entrance: 1st, the heart; 2nd, the imagination; and 3rd, the reason. The heart is the first to open, if we would fill that temple with light and joy. Through the heart, a child may be impressed and taught, long before any other entrance can be made to its soul. Through the heart the inspiration must pass which can awaken the mind, and unfold its leaves of thought and understanding. Next the imagination wakes; and if we do not pass that gate with light and holiness, and beautify it, while we adorn the temple within, some one else will pass it and defile the temple. Enlighten, nourish, gladden the imagination of childhood with truth and beauty from the Bible, and from all noble life, from history and story, and the main gate will be secure, and the temple shine with brilliant lights. After that, as childhood advances, open the gate of reason, cultivate the mind through the heart and imagination, and your teaching and culture will succeed. We give these hints to Sunday-schools.

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